

I don't remember not loving you by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Fluff, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-26

Updated: 2018-01-21

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:27:40

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,643

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A lil fic about Will and Mike's first "I love you's" to each other.

This is gonna be a ton of drabbles from my tumblr, @thestrangestbyers , bc I just wanted to post them here too!

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I have such bad writers block for all my fics rn, so if ur waiting on them I'm sorry and I'll post my ryers and byler and Will fics here to tide y'all over. Xxx

Will talked in his sleep a lot. Mike knew this because more often than not Will fell asleep curled around him, not that Mike had any objections. The first time he'd talked in his sleep, it had been mostly nonsensical, just odd phrases about food or school muttered into Mike's ear. Occasionally, though, the things that Will said in his sleep turned Mike cold. Will still had a lot of nightmares and Mike had been roused from sleep all too often by a tiny, broken voice begging for help, a voice that immediately sent him back to the past.

"Please," Will had said, one night, over and over. "Leave me alone." He'd struggled with the sheets, fighting against invisible monsters, and Mike had felt frozen, helpless. Suddenly, he was thirteen years old again, huddled over a radio, listening to his best friend sob and cry for his Mom. Refusing to be that helpless ever again, he'd shaken Will awake gently, and held the boy close as he'd trembled in his arms. Those nights, Mike decided, were the worst. Because Mike couldn't fight against Will's subconscious. He couldn't protect him from his own imagination. What he could do though, was listen out for the nightmares and be there to wake him up every time, to hold him tight and bring him back into a safe and warm present.

Tonight, Will was talking in his sleep again. Mike was propped up on his elbow, watching his boyfriend sleep, fondly, as he mumbled something daft about birds. He reached out and brushed some hair from Will's forehead, affection building almost painfully in his chest. His feelings for Will had always been like this. So immense, he struggled to understand how he'd ever missed them, how he and Will had ever managed to *not* be together.

“Mike...” Will said and Mike felt his heart stop. Will only ever said his name in his dreams occasionally, but every time it made something ache inside him. Will’s face had scrunched up a little in a frown, now, and Mike just wanted to smooth his fingers over the wrinkles of his nose and head until Will’s face was calm and soft again.

“Mike” Will said again, softly, and Mike reached out instinctively to check for the tell-tale signs of a nightmare. Whenever Will dreamed of the Upside Down, he called for his friends or his Mom in his sleep. Most commonly, El or Mike (His saviours, Will often said, teasingly). But Will wasn’t battling with his sheets and his pupils weren’t twitching in a way that was eerily reminiscent of his past possession. He looked calm and relatively peaceful; the edges of a smile ghosting at the corners of his mouth. Mike found himself smiling back, helplessly, even though no one was around to see it.

Will shuffled forwards in his sleep and Mike’s arms moved up automatically to cradle him, keeping him pressed against his chest. Will nuzzled against him.

“Love you... Mike” Will muttered, voice heavy and quiet, and Mike felt his fingers tighten around Will involuntarily. He thought that his heart might’ve stopped beating, but he couldn’t be sure. He stared down at the boy in his arms and waited for Will to say something else, or to blink up at him. But he only mumbled more, sleepily, and burrowed closer.

Despite dating, covertly, for months (Hawkins wasn’t exactly a place you could be open about that sort of thing), they hadn’t exchanged “I love you’s” yet. In a way, it was because it was obvious to each other. The two of them dating, coming together like they were, it’d been inevitable from the moment Mike had spoken to him on the swings in kindergarten. Mike loved Will, and had loved him for as long as he could remember. Loving Will was easy, like breathing, and it was so simple and obvious that it almost didn’t need saying. There was no confession to be made between them, just a statement of fact. Will’s sleep confession though, the fact that he’d actually said the words out

loud... Well. It robbed Mike of his breath. Heart pounding and his palms vaguely sweaty, Mike shook Will awake. Will moved, trying to shake him off, and he frowned again. Mike tugged at his arm, insistent.

“Mike?” Will said, crankily and blinked up at him, squinting up at his face through bleary eyes. Mike couldn’t stop grinning at him and it only made Will look more confused.

“What’s...? What... Mike?” Will said, sounding disorientated and Mike laughed and reached out to cup Will’s face in his hands.

“I love you.” He said, giddily, feeling as if the smile on his face could never be wiped away. Will made a confused sound, but he looked suddenly far more awake. His eyes were locked on Mike’s, intent.

“I love you.” Mike repeated. He pressed a kiss to Will’s sleep mussed hair. “I *adore* you.” He hadn’t realized how much fun it would be to say, and he knew that he would be saying it every day from now on, if the steadily darkening blush of Will’s cheeks was anything to go by. Will was staring at him, a little open mouthed, before he recovered and his look of shock was immediately replaced with a very fond, soft look.

“I know, dummy” Will said, finally, a hint of laughter in his voice as well. “I love you, too.” He said it matter-of-factly because it was a fact. He’d loved Mike before he’d known what love even was. Mike smiled stupidly all the same to hear Will say it back and he leaned over to kiss Will’s face over and over. Each was another silent ‘I love you’. A kiss on the nose. A kiss on each eyelid. Kisses all over Will’s flushed, smiling cheeks.

“Did you wake me up just to tell me that?” Will said, sounding mildly grumpy from being deprived of his precious sleep. Mike just dissolved into laughter to see the sleepy frown on Will’s face. He looked like a

disgruntled, but lovable, cat. Mike nodded, biting his lip and pulled his boyfriend into a hug in silent apology.

“I love you so much.” Mike whispered into the skin of his neck, and Will’s mock-angry expression slid off of his face. He shivered and giggled beneath him, and god, Will was just so cute and adorable. His long, ‘artist’s’ fingers came up to stroke at Mike’s hair, gently.

“Mmm, I love you, Mike.” Will agreed on a sigh and it sounded so right. Mike pulled back.

“Say it again.” Mike demanded, holding himself up by his arms and hovering over Will. Why they’d waited so long to say the words, Mike had no idea. He could hear Will say them over and over; he’d never get sick of it. Will laughed and touched Mike’s face, eyes wide with something akin to awe.

“I love you, Mike Wheeler.” He said, solemnly. For a moment, they stared at each other, dizzy with it. Then, Mike dipped his head and kissed him again, hard, sighing contentedly. Will whispered it once more into Mike’s mouth. Giddy, young, in love for the first time, they traded “I love you’s” back and forth in whispers, between kisses, like a secret between just the two of them. The worst kept secret either of them had ever had.

2. Out of the closet, into the fire

Summary for the Chapter:

prompt: lucas and dustin figure out that mike and will like each other, so they "accidentally" lock them in a cupboard together until they confess their feelings

(context: Dustin and Lucas shove Will and Mike into a closet, but Will hates dark places and feels trapped and has a mini panic attack. This is based on the aftermath)

"We're seriously sorry, Mike." Lucas says, genuinely and Mike's 'I'm-an-angry-chihuahua-and-I-will-bite-you' expression fades slightly.

"You guys are just, like, painfully in love with each other. We were just trying to give you both a small push." Dustin adds, in their defence. Mike scowls.

"More of a giant and unnecessary shove." Mike mutters, bitterly, eyes dropping pointedly to the still trembling Will in his arms. Lucas opens his mouth automatically to apologise again, feeling terrible, but Dustin interrupts before he can get any words out.

"Wait, what? Why was it unnecessary?" Dustin asks and Mike flushes red. With a swift elbow to the side, Dustin falls silent again. Lucas tries to communicate to Dustin via eye contact the promise of a swift death if he keeps talking and putting his foot in it. Lucas was smart enough to realise that they had both been stupid and were in the wrong here.

"Dude," he hisses through his teeth. "Let it go"

Dustin rolls his eyes and just folds his arms expectantly at Mike. There weren't supposed to be secrets in the Party and they all knew it. With a huff of annoyance, Mike pulls Will tighter against his chest and owns up.

“Will already knows I love him” Mike says, matter-of-factly. He says it openly, without a hint of embarrassment or self conscious. “I asked him out weeks ago.”

Dustin and Lucas gape. How had they even managed to keep that a secret? The Party were literally never apart. Lucas tries to recall details from the past few weeks, bewilderedly. From where he’d burrowed into Mike, Will sniffs and makes a vaguely protesting noise.

“A-actually, I asked you out,” Will corrects gently, his voice shaky but faintly amused.

“Why didn’t you tell us?” Dustin demands, but looking too delighted to be properly offended. Mike avoids their stares, uncomfortable.

“I don’t know,” He says, quietly. He is suddenly very tired and weary, in a way that no seventeen year old ever should be. “I thought it might be weird for you guys...being friends with two queers. I thought you might hate me. Or Will. I couldn’t let you hate Will.”

They process this for about half a second and Lucas searches for the right words to say, not knowing how to defend a friend from the shittiness of the real world. Mike is still staring miserably at the floor and it’s not as if they can fix this. He thinks of the nicknames “midnight” and “fairy” and how he and Will were always Troy’s favourite victims. How seeing Billy around town still sends a spike of fear through him. *Of course they didn’t tell us*, he thinks, *who wouldn’t be afraid. People are dicks.*

But although Mike looks so downcast, Lucas does feel a small pang of betrayal at their secrecy. Because he would have understood, and Mike should’ve trusted them to be his friends. So he goes for tough love, settling into his usual role of the Party easily, and reaches out to flick Mike squarely on the forehead.

“We’re your best friends, Wheeler .” He says, in a tone of annoyance. “As if we would ever think that shit. I get it, but use your brain next time.” It does the trick. Mike’s head shoots up to look at him and he’s rolling his eyes disbelievingly, but the smile on his face is giddy with relief. A reaction where Dustin and Lucas are only pissed at the secrecy part of a “secret gay romance” is a better reaction than Mike

and Will can expect from most.

“Some friends, though, locking me in a closet,” Will says, and Lucas immediately feels guilty again. But then Will lets out a watery laugh. “You’re giving me mixed messages, guys, do you want me and Mike to come out the closet or not?”

Mike barks out a surprised laugh and looks down at Will with undisguised affection in his eyes. Will looks back up at him and Lucas thinks that the scene before him must be proof that love really was blind. Because Will... he looks disgusting right now. His eyes are all puffy and a little bloodshot, his nose is red and dripping snot, his cheeks are tear stained and his hair is just a complete and utter mess. And yet Mike gazes down at Will as if he were some perfect sculpture, like he’d hung the damn moon.

After several minutes of the two sappily staring into each others eyes, Lucas clears his throat. Their eyes snap to his, and then slide over to Dustin, who’s miming vomiting at the sickening display of love they’ve both been forced to witness. Mike fixes him with a look of exasperation.

“Sooooo, as fun as this has been, how about we leave you guys to some seven minutes in heaven?” Lucas says, quickly, shooting them finger guns cheerfully and turning away, because he feels pretty sure that Mike was about a second away from murdering Dustin. Lucas could relate to that feeling, and under normal circumstances might’ve just let it happen, but this time he wants to make a hasty exit. He’s not staying around to watch his two best friends make out, nope, no way.

Lucas grabs Dustin by the arm and pushes him out of the room, and they run.

“Hey!” Mike yells after them. “Get back here! I’m still pissed at you both!” Mike moves to go after them, to jokingly give chase (although privately he is still slightly pissed for the whole closet situation) but a hand curls around his wrist and keeps him back.

“It’s fine, Mike.” Will says, pulling him away from the door. “They didn’t mean to. I’m fine now.”

Mikes hands flutter slightly anxiously and he reaches out. His hands cup Will's face and he can't quite silence the urgent screaming at the back of his mind, the voice that insists on checking up on Will every two seconds. He nods though and leans forward to press a kiss to Will's forehead, who sighs, relaxing against Mike.

"You good?" Mike asks, for what was probably the millionth time, stroking his hands soothingly up and down Will's arms. Will smiles.

"I am now." He says and it's true. Will can't recall ever feeling bad around Mike. Even when they hadn't yet confessed their feelings, and Will had felt doomed to a life of unrequited love and heartbreak, he'd still been unable to be anything but painfully happy around Mike.

I love you, I love you, I love you, Will thinks, and honestly, he never thought it was possible to feel like he does now. Safe. Content

Loved.

Mike has his teasing smile on, and he leans even closer. Will hates and loves the way it makes him unable to think properly, every time Mike steps into a room with him or looks at him like he's the entire universe. He doesn't feel worthy of that kind of love.

"So, how about those seven minutes?" Will jokes, just because Mike is so intent on him, and the focus always makes him feel so flustered and confused and hot. It's too much sometimes, to be around Mike and feel so much all at once.

"We don't need seven minutes. We have forever." Mike says seriously and as Will stares at him, breathless, he wonders absently how Mike is able to say such utterly cheesy and cliché things, straight faced and earnestly, and have it sound truly romantic, so that it leaves Will weak in the knees.

"All the time in the world." Will agrees, because what else can he say? As if he could ever say no to Mike Wheeler? His first everything-friend, crush, boyfriend, soulmate.

So, in the darkness of the cupboard, Will turns to Mike, his goddamn sun, and reaches up for him, chasing his lips. Will had been chasing

after this, after Mike, since before he knew what *this* was.

Mike kisses him back sweetly, gently, and Will usually despises being treated like he's fragile or breakable. It reminds him of how weak and vulnerable he has been and still is. But he allows it from Mike because it's always different from Mike. It probably always will be. And the tenderness in the way he holds Will and the gentleness of his kisses aren't patronising or careful. They just make him feel special and as if he is the most important person in the world.

Because, to Mike, he is.